

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my Lord what is your cause of distemper? you doe surely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*?

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I sir, but while the grasse growes; the proverbe is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

*Gu.* O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly

*Ha.* I do not well understand that: will you play upon this pipe?

*Guyl.* My Lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guyl.* Beleeve me I cannot.

*Ham.* I beseech you.

*Guyl.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: look you, these are the stops.

*Guyl.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ha.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camell?

*Pol.* By'th masse and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

*Pol.* It is blacke like a Wezell.

*Ham.*

## Prince of Denmark

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to you. They foole me to the top of my head. Leave me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is eare. 'Tis now the very witching time of night, When Church-yards yawne.

Contagion to the world: now

And doe such businesse as the

Would quake to looke on: f

O heart lose not thy nature!

The soule of *Nero* enter this

Let me be cruell, not unnatur

I will speake daggers to her,

My tongue and soule in this b

How in my words soever she

To give them seales never my

*Enter King, Rosenc*

*King.* I like him not, nor f

To let his madnesse range; t

I your Commission will forth

And he to *England* shall alon

The tearmes of our estate ma

Hazzard so neare us as doth l

Out of his browes.

*Guyl.* We will our selves p

Most holy and religious fear

To keepe those many many b

That live and feed upon you

*Ros.* The single and peculi

With all the strength and ar

To keepe it selfe from noyanc

That spirit, upon whose weak

The lives of many: the cesse

Dyes not alone, but like a gu

What's neare it with it: or i

Fixt on the somnet of the hig